

## The Visit

by Sheryl Nantus

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Summary: Dana goes to Melissa's grave and finds an unexpected visitor.

## The Visit

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No infringement intended on any part... go ahead, take me to court...I'm using the insanity defence... heh, heh, heh...

Comments, complaints and just plain talk to [sheryl\\_martin@tvo.org](mailto:sheryl_martin@tvo.org)

Third season spoilers here... you've been warned... yah, right...

### The Visit by Sheryl Martin

Dana Scully picked her way slowly through the graveyard; making sure to keep to the scraped paths in the snow. It had been a while since her last visit, too long. But as usual, her work had gotten in the way. Melissa would have laughed; tossed her head back and lectured Dana on priorities and the value of internal peace versus the material world. Yes, Missy would have said something like that. Then they would have argued for hours over hot tea, and eventually agreed to disagree. She brushed a stray lock of hair from her face as a bitter wind snapped at her trench coat.

Suddenly she stopped dead in her tracks. Someone else was here; someone was at the grave already. Not her mother, not her brothers. Mulder.

Fox shuffled his feet in the whiteness; staring at the stone for a minute before putting the flowers carefully on the ground. Tucking his hands deep in his pockets, he let out a deep sigh as he stood in silence; his eyes closed.

A red-hot crest of pain shot up from Dana's soul, ripping at her heart. What was he doing here? What did he want? Her mind screamed in protest. Were they dating before she died? Were they...? The thought brought a taste of bile to her mouth. No, not Missy...

She turned away, swallowing sharply as she struggled to take control of herself again; to become Agent Scully of the FBI, the professional woman that was so strong and so secure in herself. A tear broke free as she stood still, her fists clenched at her sides. It wasn't fair, that he...

He what? The small voice came up from the darkness. He didn't belong to her. And if he had dated Melissa before her death, it wasn't anyone's business but his own. The soft tone caressed her inner eye; stroking over the pain.

"Scully?" She turned suddenly, caught off guard by his voice. Mulder took a step towards her, hesitating as he saw the confusion and pain in her face. "Scully... I..."

"Leave me alone, Mulder." Yanking her arm free from a phantom touch, she stomped off further into the graveyard, still keeping to the paths out of respect and logic.

"Scully..." He jogged up beside her, grabbing her arm and pulling her to a stop. "Let me explain..."

"What? I don't need any explanation. You're here to visit my sister's grave. It's a public place. I don't need to ask you anything. I don't want to know anything. I..." With a shock she realised that she was rambling, her mind spewing out random comments and thoughts. This wasn't right, this clash of feelings. It wasn't...

"Scully, listen to me..." Mulder took a deep breath, watching the cloud of cold air disappear from his mouth. "I came to visit her because I feel responsible for her death. It was my fault."

Twisting her head sharply to look at him, she blinked twice, feeling a tear trickle down one cheek. "Your fault? I don't remember her being shot in your apartment, Mulder." Part of her recoiled at the venom in her voice, shocked at the words.

"Two points." He half smiled. "But it's as much my responsibility as yours." The tall man gestured towards a stone bench on the path. "Come on..."

She let him lead her to the seat, sitting down with the perfect posture the Sisters had taught her back in church, back ramrod straight with her hands crossed in her lap. He tucked his hands back into his pockets, rocking back and forth as he stared out across the snow and stones.

"When they... they took you I felt bad. I knew that I had pushed it too far; tried too hard and now you were going to pay for it. Skinner... he talked to me about how you knew the risks, that you were an agent who knew the playing field and how much danger you were in." Taking a deep breath, he avoided looking at her. "But Melissa... she wasn't an agent. She wasn't even aware of what was going on; what Krycek was there for. What we were doing; where we were, what we found... it wasn't her job to know. She was an innocent. And if I

hadn't pushed too much, again..." He turned away from her completely, not letting her see his face. "Maybe she might have lived."

Dana sat in silence. A few minutes passed, and no one moved. She licked her lips, trying to form the words.

"Mulder..." She closed her eyes, forcing the thought out. "Were you and Missy... you know..."

He jerked his head around so quickly she was afraid for a second, his eyes blazing. Then the fire died, and all she saw was the pain.

"Why do you need to know? Why do you have to ask me that?" Fox whispered.

Her heart sank. "I just..." She sputtered. "It's that when I saw..."

Reaching over, he put a bare hand on her knee. "I can't handle more than one Scully at a time. And you're the only one I want to work with." A sharp twinkle appeared in his eyes. "But I'm flattered that you thought..."

"Well, you and her had a lot in common." Dana said quickly in defence. "I mean, I thought that since you both believed in the same things..."

He chuckled, putting his hands back in his pockets. "Scully, sometimes I like having someone to disagree with. And I think your mother would have knocked me senseless for having anything to do with her."

Putting a hand to her face, Dana brushed away the last remains of the tears. "Look, I'm just being oversensitive today. It's been a rough couple of weeks..."

Fox nodded, chewing on his lower lip. "Yah. Me too." He got to his feet. "If you want to meet me back at the car, I'll follow you back home and maybe we'll get some dinner." He looked up at her. "If that's okay..."

She smiled. "I think that sounds good to me. Just give me five, okay?" Stepping briskly along the path, she found herself back at the grave site, staring down at the flowers Mulder had so recently left.

"Missy..." She started, then stopped; seeing Mulder out of the corner of her eye as he walked towards the parking lot. "I'm sorry for being so stupid. It was just that..." In her mind's eye she could hear her sister laughing, teasing her for being jealous. But she couldn't be jealous, because she wasn't in love with her partner.

Right? The soft inner voice chuckled in response.

Quietly reciting a few prayers from memory, Dana smiled as she took a step back from the flowers. Even now you manage to tease me, Missy...

Always. And forever.

Turning from the grave, she walked briskly towards the man leaning against the car in the parking lot. She had a lot of work to do. With her partner.

\*\*\*\*\*"If you will practice being fictional for a while, you will understand that fictional characters are sometimes more real than people with bodies and heartbeats."Richard Bach -- "Illusions"

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